

Captain GALLANT® of the Foreign Legion



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

starring
BUSTER CRABBE
and his son
CUFFY



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



The AMAZING Legion



CAPTAIN GALLANT
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NOTHING IS KNOWN NOW OF LEGIONNAIRE MINARET EXCEPT HIS NAME AND WHAT HE DID ON DECEMBER 16, 1883 AT THE CITADEL OF SON-TAY AT HANOI. IT WAS HE WHO, IN THE FACE OF CONCENTRATED ENEMY FIRE, CLIMED THE WALL AND SECURED THE LADDER UP WHICH HIS COMRADES SWARMED TO GAIN ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE LEGION!

THE LEGION IS FAMOUS NOT ONLY FOR ITS GALLANTRY IN COMBAT-- BUT ALSO FOR ITS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS IN BUILDING ROADS.



OFFICIAL RECORDS SHOW THAT 44,150 MEN SERVED IN THE LEGION DURING WORLD WAR I, AND THEY LISTED 100 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AS THEIR POINTS OF ORIGIN!



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CAPTAIN GALLANT

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred E. Fago

Executive Editor

Captain GALLANT of the Foreign Legion

IN THE KIND STRANGER

THE RENEGADE ARABS IN THE HILLS WERE RUNNING WILD AGAIN -- THIS TIME WITH MODERN RIFLES AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION; CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES' TRIED EVERYTHING TO TRAP THEM BUT IT TOOK THE LEGION MASCOT, CUFFY, AND HIS FRIEND FUZZY TO STOP THE SMALL WAR ...

ICE CREAM? YES, SIR -- I LOVE IT! BUT WHY DO YOU GIVE IT TO ME? I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN GALLANT WOULD WANT ME TO TAKE IT!

DON'T BE SILLY, CUFFY! I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF HE CAPTAIN'S! HERE, YOU'LL LOVE IT!

GEE, IT'S GOOD! WHERE IS HE NOW? OUT ON PATROL? IS HE GUARDING THE ROADS TO THE NORTH?

HURRY, BORG! THE SIMPLE LEGIONNAIRE APPROACHES!



COME ON, CUFFY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THE CAPTAIN WILL SKIN ME ALIVE IF I'M LATE FOR THAT PATROL!

DON'T GET IN TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT, CUFFY! WE'LL HAVE A NICE CHAT SOME OTHER TIME!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THERE'S FUZZY! I MADE IT!

GET AWAY, JOSEPHINE! HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

FUZZY! WHERE'S EVERYONE? ARE YOU ALONE?

SURE! IT ONLY TAKES ONE FIRST CLASS LEGIONNAIRE TO HOLD THIS ROAD! WHAT'S WRONG?



CUFFY SWIFTLY EXPLAINED HIS SUSPICIONS OF THE FRIENDLY STRANGER AND FUZZY BEGAN TO SHARE HIS SUSPICIONS...

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, CUFFY! COME ON!

FOLLOW ME!



AHH, MY YOUNG FRIEND! LET US RESUME OUR TALK!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, SIR?



THIS IS NO TIME FOR CHATTER, CUFFY! COME ON!

WAIT, FUZZY! I WAS LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN GALLANT AND THE TROOPS! CAN I FIND THEM NEAR HERE, CUFFY?



NO, SIR!
I THINK THEY
HEADED SOUTH!
SEE YOU LATER!

WHY, CUFFY--
YOU KNOW...
UH... THAT'S
RIGHT!

THANKS, CUFFY! I'LL
BUY YOU ANOTHER ICE
CREAM WHEN I SEE YOU!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

CUFFY RODE OVER THE HILL, FUZZY AT HIS HEELS! THEN . . .

THAT FELLOW ACTS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS, HUH?

HE SURE DOES, FUZZY!
LET'S WAIT HERE AND WATCH HIM!

YOU HAVE THE RIFLES,
SIR--AND THE AMMUNITION?

ALL READY FOR YOU,
BEN HALIM--WHEN YOU SHOW ME THE GOLD!



IT IS DANGEROUS
TO DELAY! CAPTAIN
GALLANT AND HIS
MEN ARE LOOKING
FOR ME RIGHT
NOW!

RELAX, BEN HALIM!
THEY'RE FAR TO THE
SOUTH OF US!
THE KID TOLD ME
A FEW MINUTES
AGO!

BY MY ANCESTOR, THIS
IS FAR BETTER THAN
THE OLD ONES!

I WILL
DISCARD
MY HEAVY
SINGLE SHOT
RIFLE AT
ONCE!

YOU'VE
GOT THE
GOODS!
I'LL SEE
YOU NEXT
TRIP!



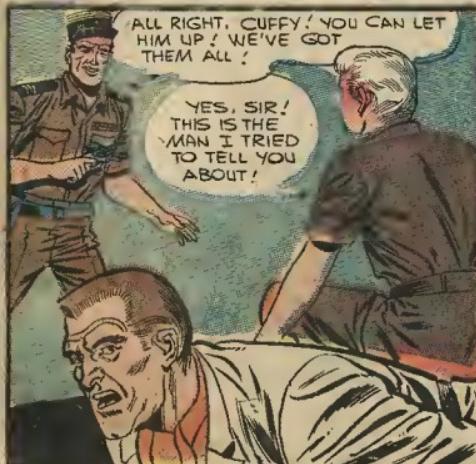
CUFFY
KNEW
THAT
ONCE
THE
GUN-
RUNNER
AND THE
MOUNTAIN
GUERRILLAS
SEPARATED,
THE
JOB
OF
CAPTURING
THEM
WOULD
BE
DOUBLY
HARD.
SO...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE ARAB
GUERRILLAS
RECOVERED
FROM
THEIR
PANIC...
BUT NOT
IN TIME!
SUDDEN-
LY
THE
BUGLES
OF
THE
FRENCH
FOREIGN
LEGION
SOUNDED
THE
'CHARGE'
AND...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

**Captain
of the
Foreign Legion**

GALLANT
IN **JOSEPHINE'S LAST DATE**

HAVE ANOTHER DATE, JOSEPHINE --
I KNOW YOU LOVE THEM!

THAT FOOLISH CAMEL DEFIES US! SHE AND THAT LEGIONNAIRE ARE THE ONLY OBSTACLES IN OUR WAY OF VICTORY!

THE OUTNUMBERED LEGIONNAIRES IN NORTH AFRICA WERE TRYING TO KEEP ORDER -- CAPTAIN GALLANT'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO MAINTAIN PEACE AT ALL COSTS! HE TRIED -- BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON FUZZY AND HIS LOVING COMPANION, JOSEPHINE -- AND HER LOVE FOR THE FRUIT OF THE DATE PALM TREE ...

CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS ENJOYING A PERIOD OF COMPARITIVE PEACE ... IN FACT, HE WAS HAVING LUNCH WITH CHIEF IBN FASAM WHEN JOSEPHINE'S APPETITE BEGAN TO GET DIFFICULT ...

CAPTAIN GALLANT,
MY PEOPLE WANT
PEACE! IT IS
AGREED THEN?

MY ONLY JOB
HERE IS TO
PREVENT
VIOLENCE! THE
LOUDEST NOISE
I WANT TO HEAR
ARE THOSE DATES
DROPPING OFF
THE TREE UP
ABOVE!

CAPTAIN GALLANT,
THIS IS HUMILIATING!
DON'T MIND,
JOSEPHINE!
SHE'S A PET
OF ONE OF THE
MEN! GO AWAY,
JOSEPHINE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

IS THIS LEGIONNAIRE HOSPITALITY? GET THIS ANIMAL AWAY!

DON'T WORRY, I WILL! FUZZY -- ON THE DOUBLE!



GET THAT ANIMAL AWAY FROM HERE IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN!



BUT JOSEPHINE'S NOTORIOUS APPETITE FOR DATES INTERFERED! BEFORE SHE COULD BE STOPPED, SHE SAW SEVERAL NEW ONES...

NO! I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT! GET THE BEAST AWAY!



IT IS WAR! THAT STUPID BEAST WENT TOO FAR!

FUZZY, YOU AND JOSEPHINE ARE CONFINED TO QUARTERS! I'LL PICK THE FIRING SQUAD LATER!



NEVER MIND THE DATES, JOSEPHINE! YOU GOT US IN ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH CAPTAIN GALLANT ALREADY!



BUT FUZZY HAD A LOT MORE TROUBLE AHEAD...

THE LUNCH SERVED ITS PURPOSE! CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS MEN ARE ALL HERE ON THE POST WHILE OUR MEN ATTACKED!

THAT IS TRUE, CHIEF! COME -- LET US RETURN TO CAMP AND FIND ANOTHER TURBAN FOR YOU! THAT STUPID CAMEL...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

BY NOW, WE SHALL HAVE CAPTURED ALL THE LEGIONNAIRES ON THE OUTPOST!

GREAT COCONUTS! THEIR VISIT WAS JUST TO COVER AN ATTACK! I'D BETTER TELL THE CAPTAIN!

BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR-- BUT THEY PLANNED AN ATTACK WHILE YOU...

I JUST GOT WORD OF IT, FUZZY! SADDLE YOUR CAMEL--I'LL POSTPONE YOUR COURT MARTIAL TILL WE GET BACK!



THE FAMED CAMEL CORPS TOOK THE TRAIL IMMEDIATELY...

THE GUERRILLAS ARE PROBABLY HODLED UP IN THAT OASIS! SLOW DOWN, FUZZY!

SHE SMELLS THE DATE PALMS, CAPTAIN!



I WAS MISTAKEN! I HALF EXPECTED AN AMBUSH HERE!

SO DID I! I GUESS WE WERE WRONG, SIR!

WE'LL STOCK UP ON WATER HERE, FUZZY! SIGNAL THE OTHERS TO COME IN!

ALL RIGHT, SIR--BUT, I FEEL LIKE WE AREN'T EXACTLY ALONE!



COME ON, LEGIONNAIRES! THE CAPTAIN SAYS IT'S ALL CLEAR!

CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE LEGIONNAIRES SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, UNAWARE OF THE AMBUSH HANGING OVER THEIR HEADS! ONLY JOSEPHINE WAS RESTLESS...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

BACK UP IN THE
TREES, MEN!
IT'S AN AMBUSH!



WELL, I'LL BE... HERE'S
THE LEADER! THANKS,
SWEETHEART!



YOU AND JOSEPHINE SAVED
US, FUZZY! I'LL GIVE HER
A DATE WHEN WE GET
BACK!

HOLD STILL,
JOSEPHINE!
YOU'LL GET
THAT LATER!



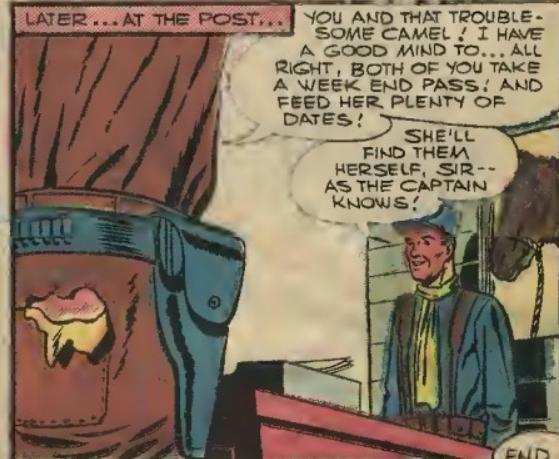
NO! JOSEPHINE! YEOWW!
DON'T DO IT!



LATER... AT THE POST...

YOU AND THAT TROUBLE-
SOME CAMEL! I HAVE
A GOOD MIND TO... ALL
RIGHT, BOTH OF YOU TAKE
A WEEK END PASS; AND
FEED HER PLENTY OF
DATES!

SHE'LL
FIND THEM
HERSELF, SIR--
AS THE CAPTAIN
KNOWS!



END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion



OUT OF THE SHADOWS THEY CAME -- THE DANGEROUS HORDE! AND IT WAS DOOM TO THE UNFORTUNATES WHO FACED THEM INSIDE THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF ...

THE SMUGGLER'S COVE



CAPTAIN GALLANT

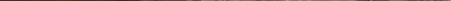
HOURS LATER, INSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION...

BUT WE SAW WITH OUR OWN EYES, COMMANDANT! THERE ARE DEVILS IN OUR ANCIENT WALLED-CITY! LEGENDS HAVE SAID THAT SUCH WOULD APPEAR WHEN FAMINE WALKS OUR LANDS!

NONSENSE!

I'M SURPRISED THAT GREAT MERCHANTS SUCH AS YOU WOULD BE FRIGHTENED INTO SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS HALLUCINATION!

NEVERTHELESS--YOU MUST AID US IN SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

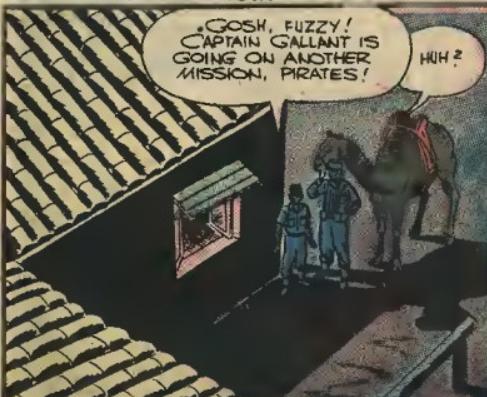


YES-- OTHERWISE OUR POPULACE WILL TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS AND BLOODSHED WILL RESULT!

WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO CONSIDER NOW-- SUCH AS SMUGGLED MEDICINALS AND DRUGS THAT HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED ON THE BLACK MARKET-- BUT THIS IS CLEARLY AN EMERGENCY!



MEANWHILE, OTHER INTERESTED EARS HAVE HEARD WHAT WAS SAID...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



MEANWHILE ON THE FAR DESERT FRONT, CAPTAIN GALLANT HAS HIS HANDS FULL AGAINST STUBBORN RENEGADES...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WELL-- I'M LISTENING!

I AM BUT ONE OF A NUMBER OF MERCENARIES DOING BUSINESS WITH SMUGGLERS OFF THE HARBOR COAST! I RECEIVED MY SUPPLY FROM THE CITY OF MARA-KESH!

BUT MARA-KESH IS NOTHING BUT RUINS-- A PLACE ONLY OF SCIENTIFIC VALUE RECENTLY UNCOVERED BY SHIFTING SANDS'

AY-- BUT WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW IS THAT THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND WATER-COVE THAT ENTERS INTO THE HARBOR!



SUDDENLY, A LEGION MESSENGER ALIGHTS FROM HIS MOUNT AND ...

CAPTAIN GALLANT--
COMMANDANT LEJUNE'S
HEADQUARTERS!
HIS MESSAGE,
SIR!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

BUT FATE PLAYS THEM A LOSING HAND...

PLAY YOUR LIGHT ON
THAT LEDGE! WE MAY
HAVE INTRUDERS!

THUD!

GET BACK, CUFFY!
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

ISN'T THERE ANY
OTHER WAY TO
GET OUT?

AFAID NOT! WE'LL HOLD OUT FOR
AS LONG AS WE CAN, THEN PRAY
FOR A MIRACLE!

FUZZY,
LOOK
DOWN
BELOW!

THEY ARE AIMING THEIR
DECK CANNON AT US!

NOW WE'RE
IN FOR IT!

BUT CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES
NOW REACH THE CITY...

GUNFIRE, CAPTAIN!
COMING FROM
THE CITY!

INFILTRATE INTO THE
COVE, MEN!
QUICKLY!

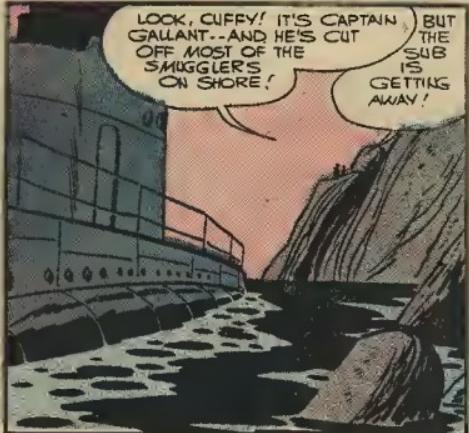
FIGHTING THEIR WAY INSIDE, THE BRAVE SOLDIER
OF FORTUNE FACES...

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST
BY ORDER OF THE
FOREIGN LEGION!

AYEYAH! THE
FORT SOLDIERS!
RETREAT!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



END

"Elimination by Appointment"

The small toy store was located on a side street off the Main Avenue of the City. There were a few items in the window and a sign bearing the legend: "Wholesale Only." Now and then a person would stop and look into the window merely out of sheer curiosity. This time a well dressed man opened the door and entered. It was difficult to tell his age. His skin was white and lifeless. He might have been in either his early thirties or forties. Off-hand you would be ready to comment that he must have led a life of ease. You could not spot the superbly trained athletic body that could spring into action in the fraction of a second. The man walked to the end of the store. A middle-aged clerk was dusting imaginary dust from a glass shelf.

"I am interested in toy typewriters," remarked the entrant, "especially the kind that writes upside down, sixty words per second."

There was no betrayal by any facial movement of the clerk, that was being said sounded like sheer nonsense. Instead he replied,

"You'll have to see Mr. Jackson, our import manager. We have not received our shipment of that item as yet." The clerk then pressed a signal button. The man walked, without hesitation, to a door which opened. Behind a desk was a thin man reading a book.

"Agent V?" he asked in a tone that told he knew the answer would be in the affirmative.

"Ready for action, sir," was the reply.

An entire section of the back wall moved aside and the two men entered a large room. The wall closed behind them. There were approximately thirty people in that room, all busy reading a variety reports. Far this was the secret headquarters of our United Intelligence Division!

"You will have to move quickly," said the thin man who was none other than Colonel Geoffrey Phelps. "There is a plot to kill President Juan Ramas. As you well know, Martin Navez, the ex-President of that South American republic, has been living in this city. With him

was his trusted friend and companion, General Rudalfo Valesquez. General Valesquez died last night in City Hospital from five bullet wounds. As far as we can figure out, he was involved in a plot to overthrow the government of President Ramas. He thought he would be doing his friend, the ex-President, a favor. But at the last moment, he discovered it was really a Communist plan to kill the President and put the blame on the United States. A trained killer from Moscow was ordered to do the job. Your orders are to prevent that killer from doing his assigned task. And if possible to expose it for what it really is --- a Red plot to gain power in South America."

"What identity shall I assume?" asked Agent V.

"You will become Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of Trans-Latina Airways. Here are your credentials and passport. Upon your arrival you will contact General Damingo Petrez. A plane bound for South America is being held up pending your arrival at the airfield. The hostess, an attractive blonde is one of our operatives. Good luck to you, Agent V."

The passengers in the plane were all irritated at the delay.

"There is absolutely no excuse for keeping us here so long," scolded a middle-aged man. "We should have been air-borne two hours ago. We will be late arriving at Ciudad Sabina. I have important business there."

"We will arrive on schedule," explained the hostess. "We shall travel at top speed. Our normal cruising range is only half of our top speed."

"He must be a very important man to keep us all waiting," said a pretty blonde young lady.

"He is Mr. Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of this airways. I guess that makes him my boss, Miss Sheppard."

"I hope he sits next to me," replied the

young lady. "I need a man with influence. My magazine has sent me to South America to do a story about President Juan Ramos and his policy of social reform. Someone with pull could make it easier for me."

"As it so happens, he has the seat next to you and I guess that's a lucky break for you," replied the hostess. "To tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind changing positions with you right now."

A speeding car drove across the airfield and stopped next to the plane. Mr. Arthur W. Beal jumped out of his car. The chauffeur followed with a brief case and two small valises.

"Good flying weather, Mr. Beal," remarked the chauffeur as he deposited the valises and brief case in the safe keeping of the hostess.

"About time he got here," snapped the middle-aged man. "I bet they would never hold the plane for me."

Mr. Arthur W. Beal sat down in his seat to catch his breath. He closed his eyes as the plane taxied down the field and started to gain altitude. About half-an-hour later, the hostess came over and introduced the pretty young lady seated next to him.

"I asked for this introduction," said Helen Sheppard. "And, I must confess, there is a mercenary reason behind it. If I get a good story and swell pictures of the president, there is a fat bonus for me. So I am honest in my motives."

"I think that can be arranged," replied Arthur Beal. "When we get to Ciudad Sabina, stop at the Hotel Metropol. All big shots, to use a bit of American slang, stay at the hotel. I'll arrange introductions for you."

The plane arrived at its destination on schedule. The pilot had pushed it to its utmost speed. The last to leave the plane was Arthur W. Beal who listened to the hostess.

"I couldn't spot anyone suspicious, unless it was that middle-aged man who calls himself Frederick Baxtan. He's wearing a shoulder holster. I had a code message sent by our navigator so that Mr. Baxtan is being tailed continuously. Any orders, Agent V?"

"Return to home base on this plane. You have finished your specific assignment."

President Juan Ramos wasn't a bit pleased to hear the news Agent V brought him. But neither was he disturbed.

"This will be the fifteenth attempt to assassinate me," he commented. "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Beal, and to the Government of the United States for wanting to

protect me. What precautions have you taken, to insure my safety, General Petrez?"

There was definitely a worried look upon the face of the head of the armed forces of the nation.

"We are tripling your bodyguard Sir. In addition you will wear the bulletproof vest. It may be warm and uncomfortable but it will protect you."

"Why can't one of your inventors figure out an air-conditioned bulletproof vest?" grinned President Ramos.

Far the next three days, Arthur W. Beal did a lot of sightseeing in the city. His pretty companion was always the same girl, Helen Sheppard. She was always taking various pictures.

"I sell them in the free lance market," she explained. "And pick up some extra cash that way."

"Tomorrow evening there is a presidential banquet. And I have an invitation for you, if you'll sit next to me," he told her.

"Thanks a million," she smiled back. "And the condition is accepted."

"I may have a big story for you if things break right. A certain man is being watched day and night by the secret police in this city," he added.

The banquet had been in progress two hours. The photographers were now taking pictures. Helen Sheppard rose, taking with her, the big press camera at her side. She stood in front of the President then it happened! Arthur W. Beal made one quick dash, and threw the camera out of her hand.

"Is the Americano crazy?" asked one of the guests.

The girl was quickly seized by members of the bodyguard and taken to another room. Arthur Beal opened the camera and took out a machine gun pistol, which he examined carefully.

"Loaded with explosive bullets," was all he said.

Later, after the girl confessed that she was a special secret agent sent on this mission of assassination, President Juan Ramos asked but one question.

"What made you suspicious at the last moment?"

"In your poorly lit room, and with all the haze of smoke, she was going to take a picture of you-- without a flashlight!"

"Now I know why they call you Agent V," replied the President, "V for Victory, the Victory of Democracy over Red Tyranny."

CAPTAIN GALLANT

Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

AFTER A TOUGH CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTHERN BOOTHILLS, THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE OUT FOR FUN AND RELAXATION! THEY FOUND BOTH IN THE NEWLY OPENED FLAME CLUB! IT SEEMED MADE TO ORDER FOR LEGIONNAIRES WITH LITTLE MONEY AND BIG APPETITES! BUT IT TOOK CAPTAIN GALLANT TO LEARN WHY HIS MEN WERE SO WELL TREATED ---

in DANCING DANGER



THE GUERRILLAS HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE HILLS AND CAPTAIN GALLANT NOTICED THAT THE MEN WERE TAKING IT EASY AND UNUSUALLY HAPPY!



WE GET SPECIAL PRICES ON EVERYTHING! REAL CHEAP! AND THE MAM'SELLE WHO DANCES THERE, OWNS THE PLACE! SHE'S WONDERFUL, 'CAPTAIN'.

HMM! I'M TEMPTED TO DROP IN MYSELF! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU THERE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THAT EVENING---

YOU MUS' BE ZE
CAPTAIN GALLANT!
I HAVE A SPECIAL
TABLE FOR YOU!

THANK YOU MAM'SELLE!
I HAVE HEARD OF
YOU, I THINK!

MAM'SELLE DUBOIS TELLS
ME THAT YOU GENTLEMEN
ARE HER GUESTS TONIGHT!
AND TOMORROW NIGHT
SHE WILL HAVE A PARTY
FOR ALL OF YOU!

CAN'T MAKE
IT, CUTIE! WE
ARE RIDING
NORTH
AFTER THE
GUERRILLAS!



NORTH? BUT I
THOUGHT THEY
WERE SOUTH
OF HERE!

THEY SPREAD THAT
RUMOR THEMSELVES!
BUT, WE KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE!

REPORT TO THE DUTY
SERGEANT, FUZZY!
BOTH OF YOU ARE
CONFINED TO
QUARTERS!

YES,
SIR!



THE INCIDENT WAS SEEN BY YVETTE! SHE
INTERCEDDED BUT---

THEY MEANT NO HARM,
M'SIEUR! AND WHAT
THEY SAY WON'T BE
REPEATED!

I'LL DECIDE THAT,
LADY! I'VE GOT
TO GO!

CAPTAIN GALLANT LED THE SMALL PATROL--
FINDING TRACES OF THE GUERRILLAS BUT
NOTHING ELSE UNTIL--

TAKE COVER, MEN!
REMEMBER, WE
WANT PRISONERS!
DON'T LET 'EM
GET AWAY!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



BACK AT THE FORT---

THEY WON'T ADMIT IT,
CUFFY, BUT THEY
EXPECTED US!
THERE'S AN IN-
FORMATION LEAK
SOMEWHERE'

MAYBE WHEN THE
LEGIONNAIRES GO
TO THE FLAME CLUB,
THEY TALK AMONG'
THEMSELVES
AND ---



THAT'S WHAT I THINK. PASS
THE WORD FOR THE SER-
GEANTS TO ASSEMBLE!

YES,
SIR!



HAVE THE MEN READY FOR PATROL
IN THE MORNING! WE'RE HEADING
FOR THE GUERRILLA CAMP AT THE
OASIS! AND LET THE MEN OUT
ON PASS TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, THE FLAME CLUB WAS JUMPING---

WE'LL FIND OUT
NOW! IF THIS
WORKS, THE
GUERRILLAS'LL
TAKE A
WALLOPING!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

AFTER YVETTE FINISHED THE DANCE ---



THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE READY FOR THEIR DESERT RIDE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WHAT IS IT, SIR?
WHY DID WE
COME OUT HERE
ON A USELESS
TRIP?

THE GUERRILLAS THINK WE
WILL KEEP LOOKING FOR
THEM! BUT WE DON'T
HAVE TO! I KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE,
IN OUR FORT!

THE RIDE BACK WAS MADE IN HALF THE TIME!

LOOK, SIR,
THEY'VE
SET FIRE
TO IT!

THAT'S EASILY FIXED CUFFY!
DROP BACK AND DON'T STOP
ANY BULLETS!

SPLIT THE MEN! YOU TAKE
HALF AGAINST THE FRONT
IN A FEINT--I'LL USE THE
TUNNEL FROM THE HILL!

RIGHT, SIR!
DON'T FOR-
GET THE
GATE--WE
WANT SOME
FUN
TOO!

COME ON, LADS!
THEY CAN'T
GET OUT BUT
WE CAN GET
IN!

THE TUNNEL--
BUILT AS A
SECRET ES-
CAPE--LED
INTO THE
CELLARS OF
THE FORT!
THE CAPTAIN
AND HIS MEN
FOUND THE
CELLAR
EMPTY AND
THE HAPPY
GUERRILLAS
IN THE
YARD!

GET THEM, MEN!
WE'LL ROUND THEM
ALL UP THIS TIME!

NEVER MIND THE FOOLS
OUTSIDE! RIDE
THEM DOWN!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

DON'T HURT THE GIRL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

SO YOU KNEW!
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!

MAYBE NOT--BUT
THE PLACE YOU RUN
WILL BE OUT OF BUSINESS--

THE TRAPPED RAIDERS FOUGHT DESPERATELY! BUT THEY WERE PENNED IN BY TOUGH LEGIONNAIRES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALL!

YOU TRAPPED US--BUT YOU WILL PAY WITH YOUR...

TAKE IT EASY, YVETTE I'LL TAKE THAT BREADSLICER BEFORE YOU CUT YOURSELF!

I AM ARAB! I WAS EDUCATED IN FRANCE! I AM MARRIED TO ARABIAN CHIEF! I GO TO PRISON, NO?

NO! YOU'LL BE SENT TO YOUR TRIBE! WE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL HERE THANKS TO YOU!

YOU LETTING THEM GO, SIR?
ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS?

NO! OTHERS WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO JOIN THE GUERRILLAS AFTER THIS!

THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

SIX MEN AND A DESERT OF NO-RETURN THAT FACED THEM. EACH WITH A HOPE AND A DREAM, BUT NO WAY TO WIN IT. YET THERE HAD TO BE AN ESCAPE FROM ---

The LOST PATROL



BUT THE MEN OF THE DESERT PATROL HAD SINCE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RETURNING . . .

HE IS CRAZY, AMI !
WE ARE LOST--LOST IN
THIS DESERT !

PATIENCE, LEGARE !
PERHAPS HE WILL
GET US BACK SAFELY !

HAH ! PERHAPS THE SUN
WILL TURN INTO AN OCEAN
OF COOL, REFRESHING
WATER ! FAIRY TALES ARE
FOR CHILDREN, NORMAND !

THE LIEUTENANT IS
CAPABLE, PESSIMIST !
WE ARE NOT TOO FAR
FROM THE FORT. I CAN
SENSE THIS !



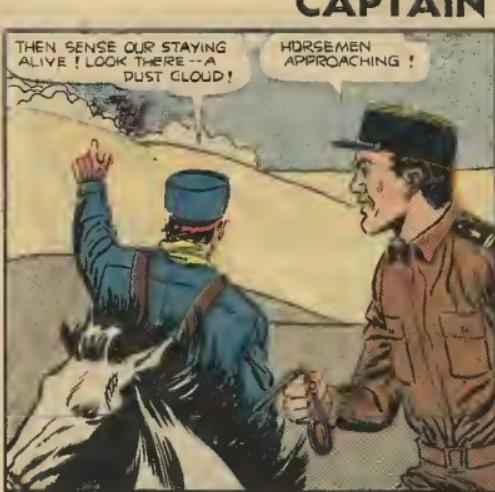
CAPTAIN GALLANT

THEN SENSE OUR STAYING ALIVE ! LOOK THERE -- A DUST CLOUD !

HORSEMEN APPROACHING !

SPREAD OUT ! THOSE ARE THE HORSEMEN OF SHIEKH HAROUN !

AY--AND NOW WE ARE AS GOOD AS DONE !



FOR NOW THERE WOULD BE NO QUARTER ASKED -- AND NONE GIVEN ! THE SWIFT RIDERS BORE DOWN ON THEIR ENEMY --



I GOT YOU, SOLDIER !

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK !



AND AS SWIFTLY AS THE FIGHT HAD BEGINNED, IT WAS NOW OVER !

THEY'RE GONE ! AND I WISH THAT I WERE IN THEIR PLACE !



AS FOR OUR OFFICER, HE IS DEAD ! NOW IT IS FOR US TO STAY ALIVE !



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WE MUST NOW DECIDE WHO IS TO BE LEADER -- AND HOW WE CAN FIND OUR WAY TO THE FORT !

LEGARE SHOULD BE LEADER ! HE KNOWS THE DESERT BEST !

ALL EYES TURNED TO A BURLY DETERMINED FIGURE STANDING BY...

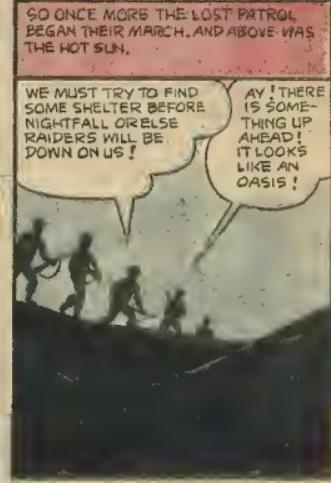
ALL RIGHT. I ACCEPT, BUT YOU MUST OBEY ME TO THE WORD ! AGREED ?

YES ! WE AGREE !

SO ONCE MORE THE LOST PATROL BEGAN THEIR MARCH, AND ABOVE WAS THE HOT SUN.

WE MUST TRY TO FIND SOME SHELTER BEFORE NIGHTFALL ORELSE RAIDERS WILL BE DOWN ON US !

AY ! THERE IS SOMETHING UP AHEAD ! IT LOOKS LIKE AN OASIS !



IT IS ! WATER ! WE'VE FOUND WATER !

HA, HA... WE'LL LIVE NOW !

GLEEFULLY, THEY RAN AND FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE SPARKLING LIQUID THAT SHIMMERED SO PROMISINGLY BEFORE THEIR EYES. BUT NOW LEGARE SHOUTED ...

AN ILLUSION !
A MIRAGE !



WE MUST CONTINUE FORWARD -- -- --

YOU ARE RIGHT LEGRE ! WE HAVE A CHANCE THAT WAY !

ALL EYES SWIVELED TOWARDS LEGRE ! ..



TO STAY IN ONE PLACE AND GIVE UP IS A COWARD'S WAY !



CAPTAIN GALLANT

HAVING QUIETED HIS MEN, LEGARE REFLECTED THAT ASIDE FROM THIRST AND HUNGER, THEY ARE ALSO WEARY AND TIRED SO--

WE ARE FORCED TO DO WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER BUT NOT OUR COMMON SENSE . . . WE MUST REST AND COMPOSE OURSELVES, RESERVE EVERY DUNCE OF STRENGTH FOR ONE THING ONLY--STRENGTH TO GO ON!!



HOURS LATER, THE WEARY ONES LEFT THE HEAT OF DAY AND MOVED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT



NIGHT BROUGHT BRIEF RESPITE. THEN MORNING FOUND THEM FIGHTING A RAGING SAND STORM . . .



HOW LONG CAN WE ENDURE? WE MUST FIND OUR WAY SOON--OR WE ARE DOOMED!



THEN SLOWLY--THE STORM DIED DOWN WHILE THE EDDY CURRENTS OF SWIRLING SAND SETTLED ONCE MORE. BUT NOW CAME TRAGIC NEWS!

MY SCABBARD IS GONE! GORDON WAS HOLDING ON TO IT. IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED LOOSE FROM MY BELT DURING THE STORM!



THE MEN STIRRED UNEASILY, EACH READING THE OTHER'S THOUGHTS. THEN GORDON'S CLOSE FRIEND, MONTEN--BROKE LOOSE . . .

HE'S OUT THERE--ALONE! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

NO! HE'S GONE NOW! YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH US! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO FIND HIM AGAIN!

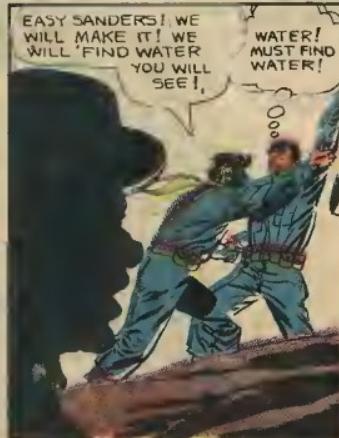


WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY HOME?

BY MY RIFLE--I VOW WE'LL REACH SAFETY! THE DESERT WILL NOT HAVE US YET!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE FOUR TURNED TO THE WEST--HOPING FOR RELIEF THERE. BUT AFTER WALKING ENDLESS MILES, THEY CAME TO A JUNGLE.



FOR TWENTY HAIR-RAISING MINUTES, THE TWO LEGIONNAIRES FOUGHT OFF THE WILD MEN! THEN...



SO BEGAN THE JOURNEY THAT WAS TO BE HERALDED FAR AND WIDE THROUGH ALL OF AFRICA! CARRYING HIS FRIEND ON HIS SHOULDERS, LEGARE SET OUT BACK THROUGH THE DESERT.



BUT NOW THE SCREAMING FRENZIED HORDE WERE UPON THEM, AND TWO OF THE BRAVE MEN FELL!

MOTEN HAS RECEIVED A POISON-DART! FIGHT THEM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



BUT NOW LEGARE LOOKED DOWN TO FIND...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WHILE NIGHT BROUGHT MERCIFUL BUT TOO BRIEF OBLIVION . . .

TOMORROW WE'LL FIND SAFETY . . .



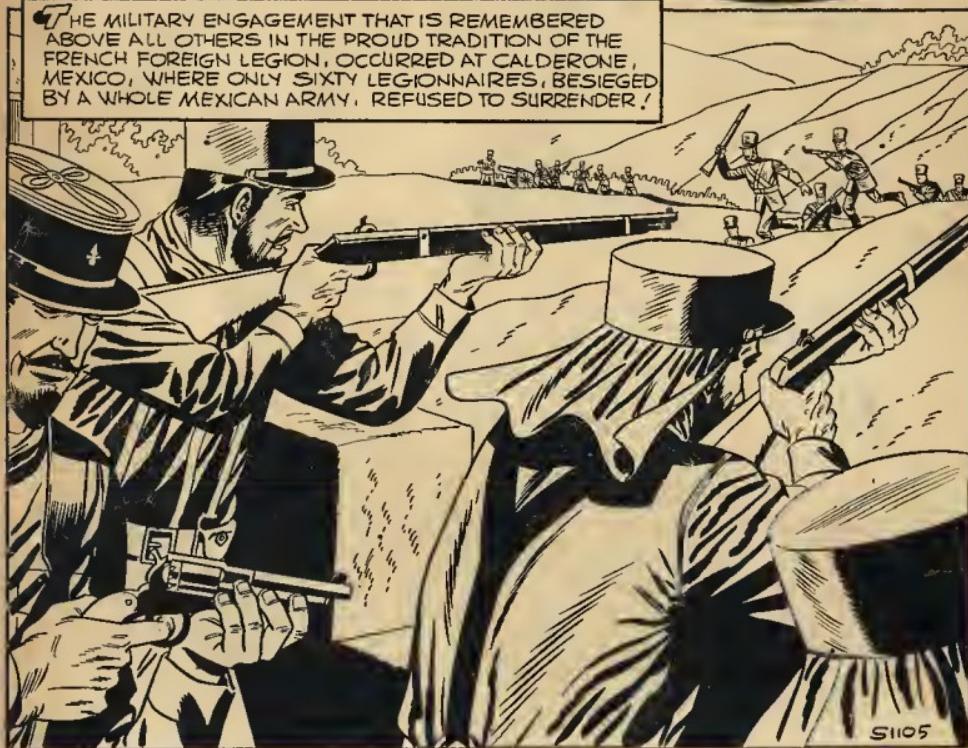
THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT



The AMAZING Region

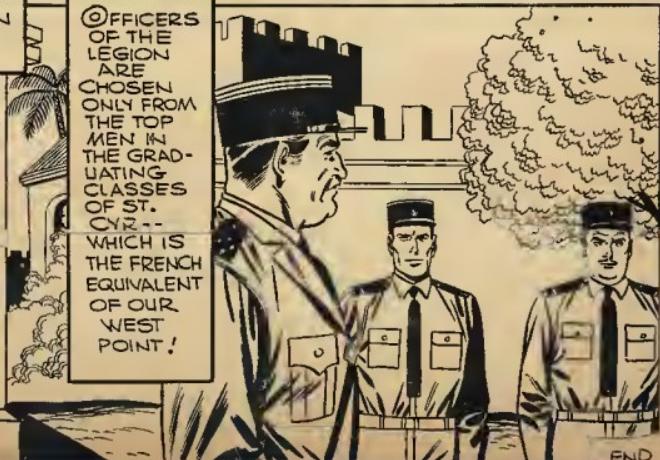
THE MILITARY ENGAGEMENT THAT IS REMEMBERED ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN THE PROUD TRADITION OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, OCCURRED AT CALDERONE, MEXICO, WHERE ONLY SIXTY LEGIONNAIRES, BESIEGED BY A WHOLE MEXICAN ARMY, REFUSED TO SURRENDER!



THIS IS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT AT CALDERONE ...

THEY WERE HERE,
LESS THAN SIXTY
OPPOSED TO A WHOLE
ARMY.
ITS MASS CRUSHED
THEM
LIFE, RATHER THAN COURAGE
ABANDONED THE
FRENCH SOLDIERS
THE 20th APRIL, 1863

OFICERS OF THE LEGION ARE CHOSEN ONLY FROM THE TOP MEN IN THE GRADUATING CLASSES OF ST. CYR -- WHICH IS THE FRENCH EQUIVALENT OF OUR WEST POINT!



The AMAZING Legion

THREE IS A STANDING ORDER IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION THAT COULD BE OPERATIVE ONLY IN A MILITARY ORGANIZATION WHERE THE MEN HAVE GREAT FEELING FOR ONE ANOTHER! THAT ORDER READS: NEITHER WOUNDED NOR DEAD MUST EVER BE LEFT IN ENEMY HANDS! THEY MUST BE RETAKEN DESPITE THE COST OF THE COUNTER-ATTACK!



SI104
MANY LEGION ENLISTEES ARE WELL-EDUCATED! ONCE, WHEN HELP WAS NEEDED IN THE PLANNING OF AN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT SID-BEL-ABBIS, SEVEN LICENSED ARCHITECTS WERE FOUND IN ONE COMPANY!

THE LEGION JOURNAL, 'KEPI BLANC', IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE 'YANK' MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN TROOPS DURING WORLD WAR II!

